Alcoholism

E-40 feat. B-Legit

Alcoholism, alcoholism, alcoholism, alcoholism
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Pull this bitch over, my nigga, I got to piss
I stay with some sip in my fist, I drink like a fish
Sometimes I be sober but most the times I be blitzed
I'm having my gouda, my nigga, all on her bitch
We ball like we hoopers, my nigga, we hood rich
We winning not losing, my fella, we got chips
I keep me a steak or a pistol, a grip four 5th
'Cause I'd rather be judged by 12 then to be carried by 6
Don't wanna be carried by 6, I'd rather be judged by 12
Suckas be all in my mix 'cause I be up in their girl
Don't know how to rewrite bail, I can add and count scales
I can sell a rock to a cliff, I can sell oil to a well
Yay area reppin', don't need no swagger injection
Big oceans 11, hustling and money collecting
I'm shattered, I'm blundered, mane, I been chiefing that feda
The po-po's they tripping, mane, they sobriety checking
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The fur fur is crazy, lucky, I have me a desi
A designated driver, a rider, we in it heavy
We knocking 40 Water, he foolish, the boy gone
That's all they played was his music when I was in a group home
'Bout to go shoot some balls, shoot some dominoes with my fellas
Get on that patron, call Stella, Ella and Della
10 to get on the board, I'm fresh off the top
If I skunk you, my ninja, you gotta drink two shots
Or we can play for some fedi or we can play for push-ups
Or we can put on the gloves go from the shoulders and box
After that we can hug and get a room with props
All my fellas is thugs, ball-heads and dreadlocks
Right after the function, they continue to get bent
Last weekend was smacking, my nigga, that shit went
I left outta there with not one but two women
I guess you can blame it, mane, on the alcoholism
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1300 block ready rock animal sitting in the coupe
Orange like cantaloupe, something on the mantel fold
Gears in the rear, old English Beer
Makes it hard to steer
I been getting fucked up since 9th 10 grade
Bird and grape cool aid and ace of spades
I swerved and I do thangs against the grain
And I guess this the money we gave to champagne
I pulled in the lot, bullets in the glock
Hot or not we like to shoot shots
Stop where I'm hot and I like to drink shots
And I'm gone off the Julio at the 20th and what not
You can say what you say, Imma paper boy
Little waves up top with the table, boy
She be playing hard to get but you can make them, boy
Put some drink in her cup and watch her swish it up
Alcoholism, alcoholism, alcoholism, alcoholism
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Please drink responsibly, don't drink and drive
Please drink responsibly, don't drink and drive
Please drink responsibly, please drink responsibly
Please drink responsibly, don't drink and drive

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